HOLY
ather Bradfords
Exhortation to his Children.

a Deſcription of the manner of
the Murder of
ir *Edmund-bury Godfrey.*

ed for *T. Paſſenger*, at the *Three Bibles* on
London-Bridge. 1683.

The Godly *Exhortation*

OF HOLY

Father Bradford,

Which he gave to his Wife, Children, and Friends, a little before his Death: Who dyed a Martyr for the Goſpel in Q. *Maries* Days.

Wherein is plainly ſhown the Excellency of the

Proteſtant Religion,

and the Happineſs of thoſe that profeſs and live the ſame.

As alſo the Damnableneſs of the *Romiſh Religion*, with their Bloody and Rebellious Crimes laid open.

With the *Relation* of the

Murder of that Juſt Juſtice Sir *Edmund-bury Godfrey.*

Revelations 6.10. *And they cried with a loud voice, ſaying, How long Lord, Holy and True, doſt thou not avenge our blood on them that dwell on the Earth.*

With Allowance.

London, *Printed for* T. Paſſenger, *at the* Three Bibles *on* London-Bridge. 1683.

BODLEIANA
BIBLIO

An Exhortation

Which a learned Father of the Church gave to his Friends and Relations a little before his Martyrdom.

The Words, or Advice of a Person departing, are generally very taking.

NO Wife so wilfull, no Son so stubborn, or Daughter dull, in my apprehension, but would willingly watch for the words of him that is leaving the World, more specially they would, or at least-wise should be attractive and attentive to the sententious Speeches of a se-

ber ſollid ſuffering Servant of Jeſus Chriſt; But although Godlineſs be the greateſt gain, it hath few Followers, becauſe to many Fools. Perſecution is the Thorn in you, ye Meſſengers of Satan; muſt Piety be puniſht? what a pitty is it; that which is the Garland of Glory, the Gate to Heaven, ſhould be ſo ſlighted, it increaſes my ſorrow: But why ſhould I be ſingular? Solomon ſaith, and what he ſaid was true, that there is no new thing under the Sun, for ſince Sin entered into the World, by conſequence there muſt be ſorrow and ſuffering. Perſecution is not only a Legacy, but is intail'd on the Godly and to their Heirs, whilſt Godly, ſo long as Sun and Moon ſhall endure, for all that will live Godly muſt ſuffer Perſecution; Therefore my dear Friends, wonder not at the Proſperity of the Wicked, for they have only theirs here, but not hereafter; and though there be no Bonds in their Death, yet are they Curſes from the Cradle, and their puniſhment will be perpetual.

My adviſe to you is, if you love me, your ſelves, and your Souls, ſtrive with all your ſtrength to ſecure that good part which can ne-

ver

ver be taken from you; so shall you be bless, and your Prayers be presented as sweet perfumes in the presence of him who rewardeth every Man according to his Deeds.

I who was once zealous for the Papists, have through Grace my Eyes inlightened and, see my Errors and sorrow for my simplicity, and am now ready to offer my self as a sweet Sacrifice to and for my dearest Saviour.

Father *Bradford*'s laſt Speech, or Sayings in Priſon, and at the place of Execution, to his Wife and Children, and his Friends, fit to be remembred.

GIve ear my Friends, Relations dear,
whom in the Fleſh I love;
Of all things whatſoe'r, Sin fear,
and truſt in God above.

My dying words hark well unto,
let each of them conduce;
And highly be eſteem'd by you,
obſerve for a good uſe.

Since I muſt ſuffer for the Truth
in furious Flames of Fire:
I you adviſe from lufts of Youth,
you ſtrive no to aſpire.

In

In these distracting times provide,
and save your selves from Sin;
Your Souls securely, safely hide,
beware of Satans Gin.

He waits and watches to devour,
it is his whole delight;
To that intent each day and hour,
his bait hides from your sight.

Sit not admiring at Worlds splendor,
nor bear it in esteem;
For in the end 'twill no more render,
then doth the vainest Dream.

Pleasures and Treasures all are vain,
no comfort could I find:
They nothing but distract the Brain,
likewise perplex the mind.

If that you would hark unto me,
I'de learn you somewhat more:
The which would profitable be,
which you ne're heard before.

That

Now therefore unto me attend,
and let my dying words prevail;
In that I draw unto my end,
and from this World lanch with fresh gail.

In wales of Piety proceed,
and fear not frowns of Popish Party;
And so shall you be blest indeed,
if that you love Gods Laws most hearty.

The word of God take that for Rule,
there lies the Touchstone for to try;
Learn therefore by no other School,
that shews the faults of Popery.

And furthermore I advise you,
if that you mean your Soul to save;
Never to trust that Bloody Crew,
to do with them, O never have.

If that before them you they call,
to give a ransom of your Faith;
Be fearful not in Judgement-Hall,
but tell them thus the Scripture saith.

And if that reason won't take place,
and the perils in acts of ill;
By chearful countenance let your face
declare that you your blood will spill.

Rather than that you any way
the Laws of God for to condemn;
Or Heavenly Maker disobey,
you value not the wrath of Men.

Fear not the furious flames of Fire,
therein to broyl be well contented;
Of Heavenly Honours none there's higher,
of Martyrdom none e're repented.

To seal the truth with dearest blood,
think not nor fearful be at all;
I it esteem as chiefest good,
and Glory in that God doth call.

Me unto Martyrdom that those,
who love the truth and live therein;
And likewise to confute my Foes,
which in dark ignorance live in.

When

When that unto the Stake I come,
I trust that fear will take its flight;
I hope converted will be some,
although it be a fearful sight.

Christians to see in fire to fry,
disdaining pardons which they bring;
Away with them, will then say I,
I fear not Death, no, nor his Sting.

I have a life to lose 'tis true,
and I must breath in truth resign;
What though it be by wicked crew,
the breath I have is none of mine.

My loving Friends, Relations who
have heard these words of mine;,
You'l likewise such a pattern shew,
declaring a power Divine.

The time is short I must live in,
therefore my words pray mark;
Of all things fearful be of Sin,
and mind Gods word to hark.

So

So shall you in the end attain
to perfect blis's and joy;
Although it be through fiercest pain,
the which will seem a toy.

When to your Makers House you come,
and a Royal Throne attain;
Repent you won't the work you've done,
no sufferings, with great pain.

For there all Tears are wip'd away,
and sorrows they are fled;
No Night is there, but alwales day,
with blis's to be stead.

Therefore me follow, nothing fear,
disdain the Worlds grand Glory,
For Gospel promises shall chear,
and mind not lying Story.

Thus

THus have you Reader, by my scant Capacity, a Catalogue of very choice Sayings and Expressions, the which you should lay up in your heart, that you may be able to lay it out in your Life, when such sad occasions shall call you to it: It is usual with the World to wonder at every thing that is not wicked; But alack poor Souls, when they shall, as I hope they will come to have a sense of their Sin, which is the cause of sufferings here and hereafter to all Eternity; I heartily wish that that word Eternity was more minded, and more made of then it is at this Day. To tell you what is minded, which you cannot but mind; the Pride of your Looks, the Pride of your Locks, the Pride of your Gate and Gesture, the Pride of your Garb and Vesture, the Pride of your outward Injoyments, the Pride of your inward In-

vowments, and what follows, Poverty, a punishment who hath no pitty.

This good Man met with many Conflicts in the World, yet waded through the worst of them all, and is now launcht into the Ocean of Eternal bliss, the which is possible for you likewise to injoy, following his Directions. And as they are the advise of so Grave a pattern, I hope they will not be slighted, but seriously sought for by all serious, sober, solid Servants of our Saviour Jesus Christ.

A Song of theſe preſent Times,

SHEWING

The bloody Villanies of the *Papiſts*, by their contriving of the ruine of the King and Kingdom: As alſo their bloody cruelty on the body of that worthy Knight, Sir *Edmond-bury Godfrey*, as is now made appear by one of that wicked Crew, affirming that two *Jeſuites* running him into a Houſe in the *Strand*, fell upon him, and with a *Handkerchief* choaked him; 'tis reported that they laid him under the Altar the ſpace of two days, and then conveyed him in a Coach to the place where he was found with his own Sword run into his Body: thereby thinking to Stigmatize his Name with the Infamy of ſlaying himſelf.

HEarken my friends to what I have to ſay,
For it relates unto this preſent day
Wherein we live, and dayly we may ſee
The Plots and Practice of impiety.

Therefore I you advise for to take care
Of such that would intrap us in a snare:
The Popish Party wicked have designed,
Our ruine they most cunning have combined.

Never to trust them I would you advise,
Who wickedly 'gainst King and Country rise;
And that you may behold their cruelty,
The murder mind of Edmond Godfrey.

That worthy Knight, whose Blood doth dayly
For vengeance for their grand impiety; (cry
And as they served him, so would they do,
If that they could, unto the best of you.

Their malice, wrath, and rage, indeed is such,
To murder Prince with people they not grutch;
How can you trust them therefore, who conspire
Death of our persons, and our houses fire?

Take my advice the which I am sure is just,
And in them have no confidence or trust; (ings,
but pray that God would frustrate their conceal-
And bring to light their horrid wicked deal-
(ings.

Stand

A Song of these present Times.

Stand up for truth, and stedfastly proclaim,
That unto Death you will maintain the same,
As Loyal Subjects unto Charles your King,
Declare and shew you are in every thing.

And for his welfare pray most zealously,
That God would save him from all destiny:
And with him those that love & fear his Name.
And Church of Protestant preserve the same.

Pray likewise that the Popish party may
Be intrap'd in the snares the which they lay
For those who wish our King & Country well,
And whose demeaners us the same do tell.

Pray for the downfall of that Man of Sin,
And those likewise who have Combiners been,
Against the welfare of our English Realm,
And of our Soveraign sitting at the Helm.

Loud as a Trumpet lift up voice and cry,
To the all-seeing God that dwells on high;
For nearer never were to destiny,
Then now; record it to Posterity.

That

That after ages having intimation,
May banish Popery from out this Nation;
And as your Prayers, so let your praises be
Ascribed to his gracious Majesty.

Who hath took care to seat his Crown upon,
O're hateing Popish superstition:
Sure 'twas the mighty work of God indeed,
That him unto so worthy act should lead.

Great Charles thy goodness to extol and praise,
We must and will, and wish thee happy days:
And as we wish and pray for daily bread,
So that thy Crown may flourish on thy head.

Thus let your Prayers be pouring night & day
A Remedy like this there's none I say:
To blast and bring to nought such acts of evil,
Which have assistance only from the Devil.

Therefore my words to mark & mind I would
And my directions follow that you should:
And if that to my words you do address,
Expect you may that God he will you bless.

And

And save you as he hath unto this day,
If that in faith you humbly to him pray;
Craving of him his mercy to obtain,
Whereby a Crown of Glory you may gain.

Advised be, and chose the wales of truth,
And that especially in time of youth:
And so I leave you unto his protection,
Who wont your suit deny, or give rejection.

FINIS.